

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

THE EXAMINER;
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PAUL SEYMOUR,
PUBLISHER.

Magnificient among the Shakers.
By MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

One of the brethren from a Shaker settlement in our neighborhood, called on us the other day. I was staying with a friend, in whose atmosphere there is a moral power, analogous to some chemical test, which elicits from every form of humanity whatever of moral and genial is in it. Our visitor was an old acquaintance, and an old member of his order, having joined it more than forty years ago with his wife and two children. I have known marked individuals among these people, and yet it surprises me when I see an original stamp of character, surviving the extinguishing monotony of life, or rather suspended animation among them. What God has impressed man cannot efface. To a child's eye, each leaf of a tree is like the other; to a philosopher's, each has its distinctive mark.

Our friend W's individuality might have struck a careless observer. He has nothing of the angular, crusty, silent aspect of his yea and nay brethren, who have a perfect conviction that they have dived to the bottom of the well and found the pearl truth, while all the rest of the world look upon them as the bottom of a well indeed; but without the pearl, and with only so much light as may come through the little aperture that communicates with the outward world. Neither are quite right; the Shakers have no monopoly of truth or holiness, but we believe he has enough of both to light a dusky path to heaven. Friend W is a man of no pretension whatever; but content in conscious mediocrity. We were at dinner when he came in; but friend W—is too childlike or too simple, to be disturbed by any observance of conventional politeness. He declined an invitation to dine, saying he had eaten and was not hungry, and seated himself in the corner, after depositing some apples on the table, of rare size and beauty.

"I have brought some notions, too," he said, "for you, B—," and he took from his ample pocket his handkerchief, in which he had tied up a parcel of sugar plums and peppermints. B— accepted them most affably, and without any apparent recoil, shifted them from the old man's handkerchief to an empty plate beside her. "Half of them," he said, "remember, B—, are for —. You both played and sung to me last summer—I don't forget it. She is a likely woman, and makes the music sound almost as good as when I was young!" This was enthusiasm in the old Shaker; but to us it sounded strangely, who knew that she who had so kindly condescended to call back brother W's youth, had bold and ardent antennae by her genius. Brother W— is a genial old man, and fifty years of abstinence from the world's pleasures has not made him forget or contemn them. He resembles the jolly friars in conventional life, who never cease, and are therefore allowed to go without bits or reins, and in a very easy harness. There is no galling in restraint where there is no desire for freedom. It is the immortal longings that make the friction in life. After dinner, B—, at brother W's request, sat down to the piano, and played for him the various tunes that were the favorites in rustic inland life forty years ago. First the Highland Reel, then "Monroe Musk." "I remember who I danced that with," he said, "Sophy Drury. The bell was held in the school room at Feeding fields. She is tight built, and cheeks red as rose, (past and present were confounded in brother W's imagination.) I went home with Sophy—it was as light as day, and near upon day—they were pleasant times!" concluded the old man, but without one sign of regret, and with a gleam of light from his twinkling grey eye. "There have been such pleasant times since, brother W—?" has there?" asked B—, with assumed or real sympathy. "I can't say that B—, it has been all along pleasant. I have had what others call crosses, but I don't look at them that way—what's the use, B—?"

The old man's philosophy struck me. There was no record of a cross in his round jolly face. "Were you married?" "Yes; when you joined the Shakers?" "Oh, yes; I married at twenty; it's never too soon nor too late to do right, you know, and it was right for me to marry, according to the light I had then. May be you think it was a cross to part from my wife; all men don't take it so; but I own I should; I liked Emice. She is a peaceable woman, and lived in unity, but it was rather hard times, and we felt a call to join the brethren, and so we walked out of the world together, and took our two children with us. In the society she was the first woman handy in all cases. "And she is still with you?" "No. Our girl took a notion and went off, and got married, and my wife went after her; that's natural for mothers, you know."

"I went after Emice, and tried to persuade her to come back, and she felt it; but it's hard rooting out mother love; it's planted deep, and spreads wide; so I left her to nature, and troubled myself no more about it, for what was the use?" My son, too, took a liking to a young English girl that was one of our sisters; may be you have seen her? We had all seen her and admired her fresh English beauty, and deplored her fate. Well, she was a picture, and speaking after the manner of men, as good as she was handsome. They went off together; I could not much blame them, and I took no steps after them; for what was the use?" But come, B— strike up again; play "Haste to the wedding." B— obeyed, and our old friend sang or chanted a low accompaniment; in which the dancing tune, and the Shaker nasal chant were ludicrously mingled. B— played all his favorite airs, and said, "You do love dancing, brother W—?" Yes, to be sure; "We have him in the cymbals and dances!" "Oh, but I mean such dances as we have here. Would not you like, brother W— to come over and see us dance?" "Why, may be I should."

Minotaur.

We have received the first number of the *Minotaur Register*, a paper just commenced at St. Paul, in the new territory. It is a handsome and spirited sheet, independent in politics, edited by Mr. A. RANDALL, who has been engaged during the past two years as a member of the corps of scientific men employed by the General Government in a geological survey of the territory. If the succeeding numbers are as good as this one, the paper will deserve to be paid for and read by every family in the territory. Though we have lately published several accounts of the country, we make room for the following extract from the *Register*, for which our readers will thank us:

The Mississippi river, for a distance of over two hundred miles north of the mouth of the St. Croix, runs through a rich valley of prairie and oak openings; the banks above the Falls of St. Anthony are from ten to thirty feet high; the river runs over a gravelly bed, and is fed by immeasurable small rivers of clear and rapid water; no marshes or low ground of stagnant water are found in the vicinity,—consequently the country is free from fever and ague and bilious diseases that are so common farther south. The soil is rich and admirably adapted for raising wheat, corn, oats and potatoes. Vegetables yield plentifully, and there is not a better country in the world for raising stock. The farmer finds a ready market for all of his surplus crops; nearly half a million dollars will be paid out annually to the Indian tribes and for support of the military establishment above the falls of St. Anthony;—this amount is paid in specie, by the agents of the Government, and a large portion finds its way into the pockets of the farmers and mechanics, in exchange for their produce and labor.

On the St. Croix and its tributaries the pines are very extensive, and hundreds of laborers find steady employment, good prices, and ready pay. Above the mouth of the Crow Wing River, on the Mississippi, the piney extends north for three or four hundred miles; it is one of the most extensive in the world, and the day is not far distant when it will supply the Valley of the Mississippi with building material. The country bordering upon the head waters of this river is strewed with large and beautiful lakes, which are filled with excellent fish. The white-fish are found in them in great abundance and of a very large size, even larger than those in Lake Superior; Red Lake is over 100 miles in circumference; Leech Lake more than 50, and probably one-fourth part of the country is covered with Lakes of the purest water. The sugar-maple is found in great abundance upon the streams and some of the Lakes, and the land is of the finest quality. So much of the Indian title is extinguished, thousands of lumbermen will find employment in the north. At the mouth of Crow Wing River there is now a Fort in progress of erection; the site was selected by Gen. Brooke last summer; it has been

erected, and our old friend sang or chanted a low accompaniment; in which the dancing tune, and the Shaker nasal chant were ludicrously mingled. B— played all his favorite airs, and said, "You do love dancing, brother W—?" Yes, to be sure;

"We have him in the cymbals and dances!" "Oh, but I mean such dances as we have here. Would not you like, brother W— to come over and see us dance?"

"Why, may be I should."

LOUISVILLE KY.: SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 100.

"And would not you like to dance with one of our pretty young ladies, brother W—?"

"May be I should;" the old man's face lit up joyously—but he smiled and shook his head, "they would not let me, B—, they would not let me." Perhaps the old Shaker's imagination wandered for a moment from the very straight path of the brotherhood, but it was but a moment. His face reverted to its placid passiveness, and he said, "I am perfectly content, I have enough to eat and drink; every thing good after its kind, too; good clothes to wear, a warm bed to sleep in, and just as much work as I like, and no more." All this and heaven too; of which the old man felt perfectly sure, was quite enough to fill the measure of a Shaker's desires.

"Now, B—," said he, "you think so much of your dances, I wish you could see one of our young sisters dance, when we go up to Mount Holy. She has the whirlwind gift; she will spin round like a top on one foot, for half an hour, all the while seeing visions, and receiving revelations.

This whirling is a recent gift of the Shakers. The few "world's fold" who have been permitted to see its exhibition, compare its subjects to the whirling Dervishes.

"Have you any other new inspiration?" I asked. "Gifts, you mean? Oh, yes; we have visionaries. It's a wonderful mystery to me. I never was much for looking into mysteries; they rather scare me!" Naturally enough, poor childlike old man! what brother W—, I asked, do you mean by a visionist?

"I can't exactly explain," he replied.

"They see things that the natural eye can't see, and hear, and touch, and taste, with inward senses. As for me, I never had any kind of gifts, but a contented mind, and submission to those in authority, and I don't see at all into this new mystery. It makes me of a tremble when I think of it. I'll tell you how it acts. Last summer I was among our brethren in New York State, and when I was coming away, I went down into the garden to take leave of a young brother there. He asked me if I would come something for him to Vesta. Vesta is a young sister, famous for her spiritual gifts, whirling, &c."—I could have added for I had seen Vesta; for other less questionable gifts in the world's estimation; a light graceful figure, graceful even in the corner, after depositing some apples on the table, of rare size and beauty.

"I've brought some notions, too," he said, "but I have no pretension whatever; but content in conscious mediocrities. We were at dinner when he came in; but friend W— is too childlike or too simple, to be disturbed by any observance of conventional politeness. He declined an invitation to dine, saying he had eaten and was not hungry, and seated himself in the corner, after depositing some apples on the table, of rare size and beauty.

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named by the War Department "Fort Gaines." Two companies, one of dragoons and one of infantry, have been assigned to garrison it. Another Fort is now in contemplation by the Government; it will probably be located near the head waters of Sank River, about 70 miles west of Fort Gaines. The attention of the government has also been directed to the importance of establishing a large Fort on the Red River of the North; the British Government has already established one on her side of the line, Fort Gary, and garrisoned it with 400 men.

The valley of Red River is one of the richest valleys in the world—mostly rich prairie, skirted with fine groves of timber. The population of the valley of this river is nearly 20,000; mostly half breeds; although there are a great many English, Scotch and French farmers of the first class. The principal settlements are north of the line, and the inhabitants British subjects; they raise large herds of cattle, horses and sheep. Beef, pork, wheat, flour, flax, wool and potatoes are cheap and abundant; heretofore the trade of this settlement has gone to the Hudson Bay, but the settlers are now turning their attention south; the Forts will remove the only obstacle that has been in their way; fear of the Sioux Indians of the plains. Last summer about 500 carts came down from Lord Selkirk's settlement, loaded with the produce of their country, and with money and furs to purchase supplies from our merchants. They were much pleased, and from 1,000 to 2,000 are expected down the coming summer.

It is well known that we do not sympathize with the feelings or sentiments of the friends of emancipation. Were we convinced of the policy of emancipation, as an abstract question, we should oppose any action now, because we have not seen or heard, anywhere from any body of men, any report is, of course, nothing more than a mere outline or skeleton of the debate—the various propositions submitted are given in the precise language of the masters, and we have endeavored to give the substance of the remarks of the speakers.

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J. H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER,
EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE: MAY 12, 1849.

*"We send, occasionally, a number of the
Examiner to persons who are not subscribers,
in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced
to subscribe."*

Central and Executive Committee on
Emancipation.

W. W. Worsley, Wm. Richardson,
Wm. E. Glover, Reuben Dawson,
David L. Beatty, Patrick Maxey,
Bland Ballard, W. P. Boone,
Thomas McGran, Lewis Ruffner,
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W. M. RICHARDSON, Treasurer.

BLAND BALLARD, Corresponding Secretary.

Matriculation Meeting.

In another column will be found the resolutions adopted at a meeting held in Louisville for the purpose of responding to the proceedings of the Frankfort Convention. Rev. Dr. Young, of Danville, by invitation, addressed the meeting, and for an hour or more, enchain'd the attention of the audience.

Familiar and easy in his manner, Dr. Young interests all to whom he speaks; while the strength of his arguments, and the pertinency of his illustrations, render his address as convincing as those are interesting. We hope that he will be able to devote much time between this and August, the cause in which his heart is so warmly engaged, and which he advocates with so much ability.

Mr. Fisher's Pamphlet.

We call the attention of our readers to a brief article in another column, in which some of the statements of this famous document are commented upon. The article is from the pen of a gentleman whose position and opportunities enable him to speak with confidence, while his high character gives great weight to his words.

Mr. Fisher's pamphlet contains a very wonderful production. It presents a formidable array of facts illustrative of the condition of society at the North, a condition so deplorable as to touch the compassionate feelings of all readers. A great interest is awakened among those readers. They yearn to know how the Northern people can exist in the midst of such wretchedness. The facts, so appalling to persons who are at a distance, and who only read of them, must be abominable to those who witness them and are prostrated by them. But, to, strange to say, on enquiry, it turns out that the unfortunate Northerners are in utter unconsciousness of their terrible sufferings and fearful degradation.

The facts, so appalling to every humane heart, they are entirely unacquainted with; nor have they the slightest conception of the horrid evils which they are compelled to endure.

Equally wonderful is the position of the pamphlet in regard to the South. It presents a series of facts to show that the Southerners are highly blessed; it draws pictures of social prosperity and happiness which almost excite the envy of the inhabitants of the miserable States of the North. A reader of the pamphlet turns with eager interest to Southern papers, in the expectation of finding a full confirmation of Mr. Fisher's strong language, and behold! instead of outbursts of joy, he meets with walls of sadness. In place of exultation he finds despondency. The Southern people seem to be as unconscious of their blessings as the Northern people of their extreme wretchedness. Truly, the pamphlet is a wonderful production, and its author should certainly have a new professorship founded for him in some college in Virginia or South Carolina, in which a fair opportunity should be afforded him of teaching aspiring young men the valuable science of discovering facts which do not exist, and of not seeing such as do exist.

The Non-Slaveholders of Kentucky.

We publish in another column an article addressed to the Non-Slaveholders, an article, which, though all its views may not be admitted to, will be admitted by all to possess great strength and interest. The writer is evidently a man who thinks for himself and who knows how to give utterance to his thoughts.

The importance of the subject discussed in the article alluded to, viz: the interest of non-slaveholders in the Emancipation question, begins to be felt and acknowledged. In various quarters we meet with assertions of the right and the duty of non-slaveholders to discuss the great problem, and to take an active part in its solution. This right and duty were presented in a very striking manner to the Frankfort Convention by Rev. H. J. Brackenridge. "You must convince the non-slaveholders that the decision of this question rests with them. 1st. Because they form seven-eighths of the population. 2d. Because they will be held responsible before God and man for the decision, and the right decision; and, 3d. Because they are deeply interested in its decision." These are weighty reasons indeed, and when presented to the Convention in strong language and earnest manner, they produced a deep and general sensation. Let us glance at them.

1st. The non-slaveholders should take a part in the decision of the greatest questions—the question of questions of the present day, because they form seven-eighths of the population. This proportion may be overestimated, but I concur that the non-slaveholders form at least four-fifths of the population of Kentucky. Now we would ask on what ground of propriety or of right, this large majority of the citizens of a Commonwealth shall be debarred from taking part in the decision of a question of vital importance to the whole Commonwealth? It would be a strange anomaly in a republican government, a government which makes its aim the greatest good of the greatest number, which recognises and sanctions the right of the majority to rule, that an overwhelming majority, like that of the non-slaveholders of this State, should be required or expected to leave to a small minority, like that of the slaveholders of this State, the settlement of a subject involving more than any other subject, the welfare and happiness of both majority and minority, in short, of all citizens. Any such requirement or expectation, to say the least, would be exceedingly anti-republican; and we are, very much inclined to believe that the great majority of our fellow-citizens would regard the reasonableness of such a requirement or expectation as a part of its republicanism.

2. But it is sometimes said that the non-slaveholders are not interested in the subject, and therefore should not meddle with it. Not interested! This is a strange assertion. Most assuredly they are interested, and very deeply interested. If slavery be a blessing, as a few issues proslavery men declare, it is certainly for their interest that the blessing be as widely diffused as possible. No State, that we are acquainted with, has such a superiority of blessings as to make the vast majority of its citizens shrink from the increase of blessings as from a plague. If, on the other hand, slavery be a curse, as all anti-emancipationists assert, then surely it is for the interest of non-slaveholders, forming for the greater portion of the community, that its progress be arrested as soon as possible. No State, that we are acquainted with, has such a dearth of misfortunes to make the increase or perpetuation of slavery desirable. If then slavery be regarded in

its moral aspects, whether as a curse or a blessing, you must admit that the non-slaveholders, as members of the community, are as much interested in the subject as the slaveholders.—Nay, they are more interested, just in proportion as their number is greater. If they are four times as numerous, they have four times as much interest in the matter.

But, perhaps, it may be said that non-slaveholders have no pecuniary interest at stake, and therefore should keep silent. No pecuniary interest at stake! If slavery merely represented a certain amount of capital invested in a certain kind of property, if it was an isolated thing, having no influence beyond itself, there would be reason for the assertion that non-slaveholders have no concern in the matter. But is slavery an isolated thing? Far from it. Every one knows that it reaches and affects all the property, every interest of the Commonwealth. Non-slaveholders, then, as members of the Commonwealth, have as much pecuniary interest involved as slaveholders. Take whatever view you choose of the influence of slavery on the property of a State, and it is easy enough to prove that non-slaveholders are as much interested as slaveholders. Will you say that slavery adds to the wealth of a State; increases the value of its land; develops its resources; fosters manufacturing establishments; extends commerce and renders it profitable; and builds up thriving towns? If such be its effect, then surely the non-slaveholders are interested, directly interested, in the increase and diffusion of slavery, just as much as the slaveholders. As much, do we say? Far more, for four-fifths of the population have evidently more interest in the increase of the wealth of the State than one-fifth.

Will you say that slavery lessens the wealth of a State, diminishes the value of its land, and prevents the development of its resources? If such be the effect of slavery, then surely non-slaveholders are interested, directly interested, in its removal, just as much as slaveholders. As we said before, they are more, far more interested, for when a whole Commonwealth suffers an injury, that injury must necessarily be greater to four-fifths than to one-fifth of its population.

Thus take what you will of slavery; consider it in its moral or economical relations; in every view and relation it will be seen that non-slaveholders are as deeply interested as slaveholders in the continuance or cessation of the institution. It is a matter of wonder to us how any man of sense can hazard the assertion that non-slaveholders have no interest in the subject. No interest! Go ask those noble-hearted sons of Kentucky who, within the past ten years, have left their dear old home to seek new homes in lands over which slavery has never breathed its blighting breath, whether they had no interest in the continuance or cessation of slavery. Take the men who have gone from a single county, a county which has as strong claims upon the affection of its citizens as any in the State, and which in natural advantages is unsurpassed by any region in the wide world, Bourbon we refer to, and see how pressing on in the road to wealth and honor, if not to wealth, but to success, the slaves of that county. The facts, so appalling to persons who are at a distance, and who only read of them, must be abominable to those who witness them and are prostrated by them. But, to, strange to say, on enquiry, it turns out that the unfortunate Northerners are in utter unconsciousness of their terrible sufferings and fearful degradation.

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The Non-Slaveholders of Kentucky.

We publish in another column an article addressed to the Non-Slaveholders, an article, which, though all its views may not be admitted to, will be admitted by all to possess great strength and interest. The writer is evidently a man who thinks for himself and who knows how to give utterance to his thoughts.

The importance of the subject discussed in the article alluded to, viz: the interest of non-slaveholders in the Emancipation question, begins to be felt and acknowledged. In various quarters we meet with assertions of the right and the duty of non-slaveholders to discuss the great problem, and to take an active part in its solution. This right and duty were presented in a very striking manner to the Frankfort Convention by Rev. H. J. Brackenridge. "You must convince the non-slaveholders that the decision of this question rests with them. 1st. Because they form seven-eighths of the population. 2d. Because they will be held responsible before God and man for the decision, and the right decision; and, 3d. Because they are deeply interested in its decision." These are weighty reasons indeed, and when presented to the Convention in strong language and earnest manner, they produced a deep and general sensation. Let us glance at them.

1st. The non-slaveholders should take a part in the decision of the greatest questions—the question of questions of the present day, because they form seven-eighths of the population.

This proportion may be overestimated, but I concur that the non-slaveholders form at least four-fifths of the population of Kentucky. Now we would ask on what ground of propriety or of right, this large majority of the citizens of a Commonwealth shall be debarred from taking part in the decision of a question of vital importance to the whole Commonwealth? It would be a strange anomaly in a republican government, a government which makes its aim the greatest good of the greatest number, which recognises and sanctions the right of the majority to rule, that an overwhelming majority, like that of the non-slaveholders of this State, should be required or expected to leave to a small minority, like that of the slaveholders of this State, the settlement of a subject involving more than any other subject, the welfare and happiness of both majority and minority, in short, of all citizens. Any such requirement or expectation, to say the least, would be exceedingly anti-republican; and we are, very much inclined to believe that the great majority of our fellow-citizens would regard the reasonableness of such a requirement or expectation as a part of its republicanism.

2. But it is sometimes said that the non-slaveholders are not interested in the subject, and therefore should not meddle with it. Not interested! This is a strange assertion. Most assuredly they are interested, and very deeply interested. If slavery be a blessing, as a few issues proslavery men declare, it is certainly for their interest that the blessing be as widely diffused as possible. No State, that we are acquainted with, has such a superiority of blessings as to make the vast majority of its citizens shrink from the increase of blessings as from a plague. If, on the other hand, slavery be a curse, as all anti-emancipationists assert, then surely it is for the interest of non-slaveholders, forming for the greater portion of the community, that its progress be arrested as soon as possible. No State, that we are acquainted with, has such a dearth of misfortunes to make the increase or perpetuation of slavery desirable. If then slavery be regarded in

its moral aspects, whether as a curse or a blessing, you must admit that the non-slaveholders, as members of the community, are as much interested in the subject as the slaveholders.—Nay, they are more interested, just in proportion as their number is greater. If they are four times as numerous, they have four times as much interest in the matter.

Our pro-slavery friends have for many years been in the habit of representing it as injurious to the persons residing in the free States, with the domestic institutions of the slave States, as impudent, presumptuous and abominable. They talked very much as if the influence of the North on subjects of peculiar interest to the South were extremely deleterious. Indeed, they became so suspecting that they seemed to think that nothing good could proceed from a non-slaveholding people.

They proceeded to ridiculous lengths in opposition to the influence of the free States, and went so far as to require, before their round souls could be pacified, that it should be a penal offence to send by mail an article, or pamphlet, or newspaper, or book, into a slave State in which the least hostility to negro slavery would be manifested. All such publications were termed *incendiary*, and, on a certain occasion, the punctilious postmaster at Charleston seized on a pile of anti-slavery documents, designed by their philanthropic authors to enlighten the dark minds of Carolina, and served them as John Rogers was served in Smithfield, to the great delight of sundry lookers-on, who were warned, cheered, and vivified by the crackling flames that circled above the burning heap of abolition logic, pathos, and eloquence.

But circumstances alter since, and well. It is for the pro-slavery men they do. Suppose the rule of exclusion against the natives of the subject of negro slavery emanating from the free States were now rigidly enforced, how would those Apostles among the Gentiles, logical Fisher and theological Priest, be able to consummate the business in which they have embarked with so much philanthropic ardor? And what, too, would a pro-slavery man in Kentucky do without such benevolent coadjutors? Mr. Priest has done up the divinity of slavery in a style most rare and lustreous, while Mr. Fisher has given to its romance a few touches of beauty and grace, which were considered quite beyond the reach of art until the straight-coated professor of ethics and slavery stepped forward and showed himself to be a most dazzling advocate of that which is associated with the institutions. It is a pity that a pro-slavery man in Kentucky do without such benevolent coadjutors!

On the 23rd ult., a large number of the citizens of Wayne Co. had assembled to attend the session of the Circuit Court, and to listen to the addresses of the candidates for Congress and the Convention. After the candidates had spoken, at the request of many citizens, T. J. Boyle, Esq., addressed the people on the subject of emancipation. He spoke for an hour and a half to a very large and attentive audience, and made a decided impression in favor of slaves—it diminished the evil of slavery—it encouraged hopes that the day might come when none but the race of white would be found on the soil of Kentucky. It was the bow of promise to our class. But this suspicious condition of the country did not satisfy the slaveholder and slave-trader. One might have supposed that one hundred and ninety thousand slaves, now in the State, ought to have satisfied them. In the name of humanity is that not enough? In the name of God is it not sufficient? Not so, thought the cupidity and avarice of the ultra slaveholder and the detestable traffickers in slaves. They tried out for more slaves, more slaves, fewer free white laborers; and in an evil hour the Legislature yielded to their claims and their dictation. It modified the law of 1833—again threw wide open the door for the admission of slaves from the whole extent of the slave States, from Delaware to Texas! It created a frightful avenue, threatening that State with an inundation of slaves far more direful and desolating in its consequences than the most terrible crevasses of the Mississippi river! And for whose benefit, and for what purpose?

A friend in Monticello writes to us that the cause of emancipation has lost nothing in Wayne Co. from this discussion, but has evidently gained much. He believes that the cause is rapidly advancing there, and that a majority of the people of the County are determined Emancipationists. This, he says, is the opinion of many of the best informed men in the County on the subject. Many slaveholders, and some of the largest slaveholders of the County, have exposed the cause with all their heart, and are now advocating it privately and publicly. An emancipation candidate will be run for next fall.

Whatever may have been the motive, there can be no mistake as to the effect. That effect will be disastrous upon all non-slaveholders, if it be not speedily checked.

Every slave is a natural and extraordinary combination. Perpetual slavery, and perpetual exclusion of our class from the State are the fatal consequences!

And after it was successfully resisted, until the last session of the Legislature. The law was work admirably for all but the avaricious slaveholder, and slave-trader. It checked the increase of slaves—it diminished the evil of slavery—it encouraged hope that the day might come when none but the race of white would be found on the soil of Kentucky. It was the bow of promise to our class. But this suspicious condition of the country did not satisfy the slaveholder and slave-trader. One might have supposed that one hundred and ninety thousand slaves, now in the State, ought to have satisfied them. In the name of humanity is that not enough? In the name of God is it not sufficient?

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Interesting Correspondence.
In the National Intelligencer, of the 3d inst., we find an eloquent and affecting letter from the wife of Sir John Franklin, the great English navigator, to the President of the United States, appealing to him to use his influence to get up efforts in this country for a co-operation with the British Government in the discovery and rescue of her husband, who, in May, 1845, sailed with two ships and 135 men for the discovery of the Northwestern passage and has not been heard of since.

LADY FRANKLIN'S LETTER TO PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

BEDFORD-PLACE, LONDON, April 4, 1849.

"Sir—I address myself to you as the head of a great nation, whose power to help me I cannot doubt, and in whose disposition to do so I have no confidence which I trust you will not share.

"The name of my husband, Sir John Franklin, is probably not unknown to you. It is inseparably connected with the northern part of that continent of which the American Republics form so vast and conspicuous a portion.

"When I visited the United States, three years ago, among many proofs I received of respect and courtesy, there was none which touched and even surprised me more than the expression everywhere expressed to me of his services in geographical discovery, and the interest felt in the enterprise in which he was then known to be engaged.

"The expedition fitted out by our Government for the discovery of the North-West Passage, at that time which for 300 years has elicited the interest and baffled the energies of the most sagacious and the most daring, sailed under my husband's command in May, 1845.

"The two ships, "Erebus" and "Terror," composed of 135 (officers and crews) and were victualled for three years. They were not expected to return, unless success had early rewarded their efforts, or some casualty hastened their return before the close of 1847; nor were any signs expected from them in the interval.

"But when the autumn of 1848 arrived, and no sign of any intelligence of the fate of the party of Sir John Franklin, the Executive of His Majesty's Government was directed to the necessity of searching for and conveying relief to them, in case of their being imprisoned in ice or where they had got lost in want of provisions and means of transport. For this purpose an expedition of three vessels, was fitted out in the early part of last year, directed to three different quarters simultaneously, viz:

"First, to that by which, in case of success, the ships would come out of the Polar Sea to the westward, or Behring's Strait."

"Second, to that by which they entered on their course of discovery, on the easterly side, or (Polar) Strait."

"And third, to an intervening portion of the Arctic sheet, also reachable by land from the Hudson Bay Company's settlements, on which it was supposed the crews, if obliged to abandon their ships, might be found.

"The first division of the expedition was placed under the command of my husband's faithful friend, the companion of his former travels, Mr. John Richardson, who landed at New York in April of last year, and hastened to join his men and boats, which were sent to him in advance of the arrival of the other two divisions of the expedition. I may briefly say, that the absence of any intelligence from Sir John Franklin, at this session, proves he has been successful in the object of his search.

"The second division intended for Behring's Strait has a complete failure. It consisted of a single ship, the "Plover," which, owing to her setting off too late and to her bad sailing properties, did not even approach the straits last year. The remaining, and most important portion of the searching expedition, consists of two ships, under command of Sir James Ross, who, when he left for the Polar Sea, had not even, owing to the state of the ice, got into Lancaster Sound till the season for periods had nearly closed. These ships are now wintering in the ice, and a shore-ship is about to be dispatched hence with provisions and fuel to enable them to stay out another year; but one of these vessels is, in a great degree, withdrawn from active search, by the necessity of watching the entrance of Lancaster Sound for the arrival of intelligence and instructions from England.

"I have entered into these details with a view of proving that, though the British Government has forgotten the duty it owes to the brave men whom it sent on a perilous mission, and to all in its power,

"Respecting the safety of the crew, I can only say, that, in my opinion, the vessel, the "Plover," is in a fit condition to sustain a long voyage, and that she will be able to stand the winter in the ice, and that, if she does not return, it will be due to the want of supplies, and to the want of a suitable port of refuge.

"Under this aspect of the subject, it is difficult to predict for the future, but as the stock is larger than it was last year, and the exports for the same period are less than those of last year, it is to be hoped that the market will be depressed and lower prices will prevail.

"The amount of exports to the Pacific will not equal the extra demand for the army last year, and hence it is fair to infer that we shall not occupy as favorable ground for good prices, and will caution our friends against large exportations.

"The markets abroad are generally dull, and the stock of meats on hand at this date should remain in this country; there is no probable chance of any advance.

"In regard to the article of lamb, it does not appear that the stock is excessive. A large amount of meat was put up in long, middling, and the price in the packing season was too low to induce renderers to use the side, and as a large amount is held by operators, who can afford to lay out of their investment, it may be regarded as a safe article, and more likely to pay than our whalers, which had unfortunately sailed before it was issued, and the news should overtake them in getting into Lancaster Sound till the season for periods had nearly closed.

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"These ships are now wintering in the ice, and a shore-ship is about to be dispatched hence with provisions and fuel to enable them to stay out another year; but one of these vessels is, in a great degree, withdrawn from active search, by the necessity of watching the entrance of Lancaster Sound for the arrival of intelligence and instructions from England.

"I have entered into these details with a view of proving that, though the British Government has forgotten the duty it owes to the brave men whom it sent on a perilous mission, and to all in its power,

"Respecting the safety of the crew, I can only say, that, in my opinion, the vessel, the "Plover," is in a fit condition to sustain a long voyage, and that she will be able to stand the winter in the ice, and that, if she does not return, it will be due to the want of supplies, and to the want of a suitable port of refuge.

"Under this aspect of the subject, it is difficult to predict for the future, but as the stock is larger than it was last year, and the exports for the same period are less than those of last year, it is to be hoped that the market will be depressed and lower prices will prevail.

"The amount of exports to the Pacific will not equal the extra demand for the army last year, and hence it is fair to infer that we shall not occupy as favorable ground for good prices, and will caution our friends against large exportations.

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LITERARY EXAMINER

The World is full of Beauty.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lisps ing in me.
The world is full of eyes,
Deaf from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody,
And ever more it singeth,
This song of songs to me—
"This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

When plenty's round us smiling,
Why takes this cry for bread?
Why are crush'd millions living,
Gaunt—clothed in rags—unfed?
The sunny hills and valleys
Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But who can tell in the palace
Still rule to tell them.

O God! what hearts we trample,
Amid this press for gold;
What noble hearts are snapp'd of life,
What spirits lose their hold!

And yet upon this God-bless'd earth
There's room for every one;
Upward still rises,
To waste, rot in the sun.

If gold were not an idol,

We're mind and merit worth,

Oh, there would be a bridal

Bewixt high heaven and earth!

Were truth our utter'd language,

Angels might talk with men,

And God illemin'd earth should see

The golden age again.

For the leaf-tongues of the forest—

The flower-lips of the sod—

The birds that hymn their raptures

Into the ear of God—

And the sweet wind that bringeth

The music off the sea—

Have a language that singeth

"This world is full of beauty,

As other worlds above;

And if we did our duty,

It might be full of love!"

From Chambers' Journal.

The Captain's Story.

A PENINSULAR ADVENTURE.

In the neighborhood of the Haymarket, London, there are several minor chess, whist, and gossip clubs, held principally at cafés, in an apartment which, for club evenings, is sacred to the members, consisting chiefly of superannuated clerks, actors and other professional mediocrities, with a sprinkling of substantial, steady tradesmen. In one of these modest gatherings Captain Smith, an extremely communicative and anecdotal gentleman, may occasionally be met with, surrounded by an attentive circle of admiring friends, listening, with all their ears, to one of the many marvelous adventures it has been his lot to encounter during a wandering and varied life. He is not a frequent visitor; his tastes inclining him to scenes of more boisterous conviviality than cigars and coffee, with a seasonings of theatrical and political gossip. "But what on earth, Captain Smith," interrupted Tape, "could philosophy, Pedro's or any one's else, have to do with you?" "You will hear, Tape; it was his liberal mindedness and my tender-heartedness joined together that played the mischief with us both. An excellent fellow, notwithstanding," continued the captain, after a brief pause, "was Pedro Davis; too good for a Spaniard, much; one could hardly believe it of him. I was going to say he was equal to an Englishman, but that perhaps would be pushing it too far. Many a skin of wine have we emptied together; none of the aloe stuff you get here, but the genuine juice of the grape itself." The captain smacked his lips at the pleasing reminiscence, then, to reward them for the exercise, imbibed a portion of another *demi-tasse* carefully qualified to his taste.

"At the time I speak of, it was highly dangerous to harbor, succor, or conceal any Frenchman, woman or child. Death, or worse punishment, was pretty sure to be the doom of any one offending against that law of vengeance; and it happened that one of the most *ferocious* of *mauvais guerille* leaders, a relentless hunter and slayer of miserable fugitives, was Ramez, a native of Spain—that I felt I should have some difficulty, should occasion require it, to undeceive them. Then they had such a pestilent way of making not only sure but short work with whoever they suspected of commerce with the hated French, that it flashed unpleasantly across my mind—the general's help might perchance arrive too late!—However, I was in for it; and so, taking another glass of wine, and refilling my pipe—there's great philosophy in a pipe, we all know—it awaited the result of my charming scheme as calmly as I could."

"It was not long coming. About half an hour after Marietta's departure the door was slammed open, and I found myself sprawling and kicking, or rather sprawling and trying to kick, for they wouldn't let me, in the arms of five or six ugly rascals, who, showering upon me all the time the vilest abuse, hurried me off to prison. Into them they thrust me like a dog; and there, where I could recover breath and speech, I greeted Pedro, my fellow-prisoner. The alcalde and Ramez had only promised to release him, and, of course, when the object was gained, refused to abide by the bargain. If I had not been the most consummate ass that ever browsed or brayed, I might have guessed as much. Ramez had now two victims, and that promised a double holiday."

"Well, gentlemen, this was, you may suppose, a very unpleasant situation to find myself in; but as, thank Heaven, I was never much troubled with nerves, I did not so much mind it after a bit. Marietta, I was sure, would be off to the General with her best speed when she saw the ugly turn matters were taking; so that if my captors were not in a very patriotic hurry indeed; there was a chance on the cards yet. Pedro obtained some cigars of the jailer, an old acquaintance of his; they were first rate, and we both became gradually calm and composed. Ah, gentlemen, I have often thought that if the moral observations I addressed that evening to my friend Pedro, upon the duty of respecting national prejudices, particularly with regard to sheltering wounded foreigners, and the shocking folly of making rash engagements with young women, especially after dinner, had been taken down by a short-hand writer, they would have raised me to the next rank after Solomon!"

"No doubt of it," said Tape, looking nervously at the clock; "but do get on, captain; don't stop, don't!"

"I will not, Tape; but don't you hurry me as they did. Well, the next day I was dragged before the alcalde and that rascal Ramez, where, to my very great and most unpleasant surprise, two men, guerrilla soldiers, swore that they had frequently seen me in communication with the French outfit, and escaped. Pedro was seized, and the alpha and omega of it, as the chaplain of the old half-hundred used to say, was that he was lagged to prison, tried a few hours afterwards, and condemned to death as a traitor. It was a wild time then; most places managed their own affairs their own way, and this was Master Ramez and the alcalde's way. Pedro was to be strangled, garrotted they call it, but there was no apparatus handy, and nobody that particularly liked the job; so, as a particular heavenly grace to him, the alcalde said, it was determined he should be shot on the third day after his arrest."

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"He gave poor Pedro," continued the captain, "one most diabolical look, (I'll be bound the streaks from his eyes—he always squinted both sides inwards when he was in a passion)—crossed each other within an inch of his nose,) then rushed forward and bawled lustily for help. The Frenchman spurred furiously into the adjoining forest, and escaped. Pedro was seized, and the alpha and omega of it, as the chaplain of the old half-hundred used to say, was that he was lagged to prison, tried a few hours afterwards, and condemned to death as a traitor. It was a wild time then; most places managed their own affairs their own way, and this was Master Ramez and the alcalde's way. Pedro was to be strangled, garrotted they call it, but there was no apparatus handy, and nobody that particularly liked the job; so, as a particular heavenly grace to him, the alcalde said, it was determined he should be shot on the third day after his arrest."

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"Perhaps so, Mr. Tape, but those gentlemen seldom volunteer into the army, I believe. I knew," said the veteran, continuing his narrative, "that I might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone, and expect it to get up and turn partners, as ask the general in command of the division about forty miles off to rescue Pedro from the grasp of the Spanish authorities. The British general never meddled with the administration of Spanish justice under any pretence whatever; but I also knew that if he received a message stating that I was in danger, he was bound by general orders to afford me every assistance in his power.—Marietta," said I at last—the wine must have been unusually strong—I have it upon me. We'll save Pedro yet, in spite of them all!" The pretty creature jumped up, clapped her hands, and sobbing, laughing and talking, all in a breath, exclaimed, "Dear Inglesi, I knew you would!" You, Marietta," said I, as soon as she was sufficiently calm to listen, "go to Ramez and the alcalde, and tell them you will deliver into their hands the famous Afrancesado spy, Henriquez Baio, on condition of their releasing Pedro. If they consent denounce me!" You, Henriquez?" said she, staring at me with wide eyes. "One of ours?" I replied. "Then mount, my good fellow, at once," replied he, motioning to one of the led horses. Pedro understood the command of the officer. "But come, mount at once. There is a large French force in the neighborhood, and the general's orders are not to halt an instant." I was delighted to hear it. The less said was, I felt, the sooner ended. If the general, thought I, were informed why he had been put to this trouble and risk, our meeting would scarcely be a very amicable one. Who is this? said the officer, pointing to Pedro who, though he had hallooed lustily, was by no means out of the wood. "One of ours?" I asked. "Come my men, get in, we shall quickly return for more of you," was lost upon them. It was needless to show off per force when full. Vigorously did Jack work to save the "lobster backs," as he called them in those days, and most kindly did he divide his allowance of food with them. I had a room at an inn. The keeper came to me and asked part of it for an officer, at once ushering him in. That officer was the present Sir Edward Kerrison, K.B., who, I recollect, had a broken arm. Death, in spite of every attention, laid numbers low, for disease in England for twenty years, had been Governor of Honduras, and had come home for a short time on his way to Sierra Leone, where he had also been just appointed Governor. He had been the survivor of thousands of British soldiers who had died of fever in the West Indies, and was by this time perfectly acclimated. He was a strong, bulky man, above six feet high. I expressed my fears that he might find the African fever more formidable than that of the West Indies. He said he was seasoned; he had passed his better years in the midst of pestilence; "and you too, Major Kavanaugh," he said, addressing the officer who had just introduced him to me, "you saw enough of fever horrors at St. Domingo and Port Royal, when we lost 500 men out of a corps embarked in two frigates, in one fortnight." "Yes," replied the major, "I lived through it all. I kept drunk, or at least was never sober, or I should have died of the sight; this kept off the fever." "Aye," said McCarthy, "I have never been home now, and you have had time to become a strong and sober man again." Unfortunately, poor McCarthy, to whom the dreadful African fever that destroyed so many governors of Sierra Leone in succession, led him, led an attack principally of black troops, against the King of Ashante. His black troops fled, and the Governor was killed. They cut his head off, and carried it away as a trophy.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Smith, after the applause had subsided, "do not, if you please, forget the moral of my story. Everything, the chaplain used to say, has a useful moral—even short rations—though I never could agree with him to that extent. The moral of this adventure I take to be this: *Never, under any circumstances, assume to be what you are not; for if shot or hanged in a wrong character, you will never be able to amend the errors of description.*"

Experiences of Literature and Literary Men.

BY AN EL-EDITOR.

I have been told that Jekyl, being employed against an apothecary once, who kept a country house, and in the course of his speech: "Methinks I see this modern *Asclepius*, retired to his Sabine Farm, cultivating his plants with his spade, waiting them with his syringe, and reclining under the shade of his Peruvian bark!" He wrote the life of Ignatius Sanchez prefixed to the letters of that African, who had corresponded with Garrick and Sterne. Jekyl's features were small, and his countenance pale; his eyes indicated great acuteness.

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